

TRAGEDY OF SERBIA'S THRONE

Boy King is a Complete Mental Wreck at Twenty-Three.

SOON TO END IN A MISERABLE DATH

Last Sad Act in Now Being Played in a European Capital—King's Ruin—Natural Sequence of His Education.

The tragedy of a throne and its deadly temptations is being played to a last sad, dark act at Belgrade, in Serbia, says the Chicago Journal.

The young King Alexander is rapidly falling into a state of mental and physical decay that must soon end in a miserable death.

His destruction has been promoted by his father, ex-King Milan, and the other creatures who surround him. They are satisfied with his slow mental and physical decay in order that they may have complete control over him and the country.

Alexander is but 23 years old. He had for a father the wickedest king in Europe and for a mother the most beautiful queen. His father now rules him and his mother is banished from Serbia and not even allowed to see him.

No king in Europe in modern times has been one-half as disgraced as Milan. He has displayed his shame with a boldness and shadow of regard for public decency.

He has fallen drunk in the gutter and done worse things than that.

The fate that gave King Alexander such a father is largely responsible for his present plight. He is the victim of a cruel and enforced separation from his mother, who loved him and would not have permitted him to fall as low as he has done.

This youth of 23 has arched hair and bent shoulders. He is thin, his eyes are sunken, fat and his limbs are bloated, shapless and tottering.

His time is spent almost entirely in drinking and in the society of degraded men and women.

Young King Alexander was in childhood a pretty boy, very tall, plump, rosy-cheeked, dark-haired, with a good-natured expression. He developed with extraordinary rapidity.

At 15 he had a small, dark beard and moustache, which was as big and strong as an ordinary man's. He was a healthy, strong, and could throw two men with ease. His physical precocity has aided in his downfall.

Recent reports from Belgrade indicate that the young king is approaching collapse. In the last few weeks he has lost the power of coherent speech, he is almost blind, and unable to pronounce many words. Apparently his symptoms are those of advanced paresis.

Two weeks ago there was a parade of the garrison of Belgrade. Colonel Patrick, the governor of the fortress, did his utmost to make it a brilliant success, and officers and men showed commendable assiduity also, considering that they had not seen a cent of pay for many months.

King Alexander and his father drove to the review grounds in a carriage. Horses awaited them under canvas within sight of the soldiers. The tent was closed while the king was placed on his mount with the aid of a ladder and a half-dozen stalwart lackies.

When the king appeared again he was riding so closely between two officers that it was impossible for him to fall off. The king's face hung down on his breast. His eyes were hidden by enormous black spectacles. For ten minutes he offered a piteous exhibition of himself to the public and then he was carried off to the royal pavilion. The crowd waiting to see him come out again saw his helmet roll down the steps and he himself was only saved from falling by two of his aide-de-camp.

The Official Gazette explained that the accident was due to his majesty's short-sightedness. Public opinion surmised that he was drunk. There was something in that, but the truth has already been told—he is a mental and physical wreck.

On May 2, at the celebration of his mother's birthday, the king made his last speech—a series of disconnected exclamations that he called a speech. In the course of fifteen minutes he gave twenty-five different sentences and never finished one of them. Then he collapsed. "Zivio! Zivio! Zivio!" and fell into a chair.

Ex-King Milan then rose as if to cover his son's failure and made a very artificial speech, proclaiming his love for Serbia. He is plotting to regain the throne from which he was driven by a well-deserved revolution. His son's death or insanity will aid his plans.

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But little, for even his courtiers are afraid that the public should hear of his late madman's history.

The recent history of Serbia might be regarded as a prolonged opera bouffe performance if it were not for the large element of tragedy that enters into it.

The family to which King Alexander and his father Milan belong was founded by Miles Obrenovich, a swine herder, who became prince of Serbia in 1829. He was a successful leader in the war against Turkey, which had been carried on by the Serbians since 1459.

King Milan was a grandson of the swine-herd Milo's half-brother. His uncle, Prince Michael, was assassinated in 1868, and Milan, then a child, was taken from his nurse in the Luxembourg gardens in Paris and made a prince.

In 1873 he married Nathalie, daughter of Colonel Keckho, of the Russian army, and of the Roumanian Princess Stourdza. Colonel Keckho was immensely rich. He gave a dowry of \$5,000,000 to his daughter, Nathalie, but he secured two-thirds of it.

Nathalie was a great beauty. Her only rival among the royal women of Europe was the late empress of Austria. The Russian girl had wonderful black hair, black eyes, a brilliant complexion, and a superb figure.

In 1882 Prince Milan was proclaimed king of Serbia and inaugurated a liberal constitution. Nathalie, of course, became queen. Almost from the first Milan behaved with an official disregard of his beautiful wife's rights and feelings. Every year, every month, found him more outrageous. He brought favorite after favorite into the palace and acted without the least regard to the queen's dignity.

He brought an entire company of chorists from Vienna to his palace, and entertained them for a week under the eyes of his wife.

She invoked the help of the Austrian representative and thereby embittered the situation. In 1888 Milan divorced her and expelled her from the palace. He was constantly seen drunk in public.

Then he kidnapped her son, Alexander, at Wiesbaden, and carried him off by force to Belgrade. The next year he was forced to abdicate, because the country was on the eve of an insurrection. His debts then amounted to \$2,000,000, and he raised money by selling decorations right and left.

Young Alexander was made king under a regency. For a time Milan lived in Paris, where his conduct was as disgraceful as at home. He was expelled from a club for cheating at cards and was constantly seen drunk in public.

Eventually he returned to Serbia and had himself made commander-in-chief of the army, a position which he still holds, and which gives him the supreme power in the country.

His crowning infamy has been to prevent his son from seeing his mother. The ruin of young Alexander is a natural sequence to the education and example furnished by such a father.

AN OLD SLAVE'S GREAT LOVE. She Left All Her Money to "Old Marston" and His Family.

There is a cultured and refined young matron somewhere in this country who may inherit a little fortune of \$3,000 left by Mattie Adams, an old negro woman who died in this city some months ago, relates the Atlanta Journal.

The link which bound the old negro to the young white girl was the fact that Mattie Adams had been a slave in the young woman's family in Virginia when the latter was but a tiny babe.

Mattie Adams was a native of old Virginia, where she was a slave, but beneath the dark colored skin beat a heart that was true, and a heart that is filled with tender memories of the high-bred man in the Old Dominion who was known to her as master; a heart the like of which is seldom known in this degenerate age.

She had worked for years, not for herself alone, but for a young white girl who belongs to the old Virginia family in which Mattie was a slave, the girl being a daughter of the brother of Mattie's master. It is a strange story of an ex-slave's devotion to the family of the man to whom she belonged and was told me by the woman herself.

With an innate delicacy that would have been becoming in one far above her station in life, the woman refused to give the name of her old master, for the very good reason that she would develop as the story proceeds.

She had a good, kind master, a gentleman of the old school, in whose veins the blood of the cavaliers flowed, and this master had a brother who was often at his house. The two families were very intimate and the slaves of one lorded it over the fields and hills of Virginia, the two families had to leave their homes, and when the war was over, like thousands of others who had been wealthy, they found themselves penniless. Their slaves were gone and everything else of value they owned had been swept away by the red and restless tide of war. After knocking about the country for some time, Matt came to Atlanta to live. She secured work at the Markham house as chambermaid, and by economizing she managed to buy her a house and lot on Wheat street and have about \$800 in the bank.

Three or four years ago the girl she had nursed as a baby in Virginia came to Atlanta. She came to get work, as the family had been reduced to poverty.

When Matt heard of the girl's arrival he hunted her up and carried her to the Markham house, telling her that she should never go to work while she lived. The woman made arrangements with the manager of the house for the girl to remain there for a time at her expense.

"You're a lady," I told her," said Matt in speaking of her arrival. "You're from one of de fat fambly in Ferganyin, an' you ain't gwine ter see any of my ole marster's blood or workin' out like no 'count po' white folks. The girl has had a little education and Matt stirred around until she found a boarding school which suited her. She entered the girl there and for two years she paid all her expenses, even giving her music lessons so that she could occupy a place in society which the negroes thought she had been entitled to from her birth.

When the two years had expired the girl wanted to get married. She had met a young man who loved her and the feeling desired to her dark-skinned mother and after diligent inquiry Matt gave her consent to the match, as she learned the young

man was sober, energetic and industrious, and above all, in her eyes, that he came from a good family and was a man of gentle breeding. Matt drew on her little sum in the bank and doted on her protégée with a tenderness but no one but these two knew where the money that bought it came from.

The good woman was one of the chief attendants at the marriage, although she kept her place in the background, her face wreathed in smiles, while she proudly talked to the bride as "one er my white folks."

After the marriage Matt returned to her home on Wheat street, near the corner of Port, a home worth about \$3,000, and after looking over the house and thinking about the bride Matt made up her mind what she would do. The next morning she went out and employed a lawyer, his fee being \$50. His work was the drawing up of a will, making the house and lot, the piano and parlor suit over to her protégée at her death.

HISSED INGERSOLL TO SILENCE. How the Colonel Once Infuriated a Political Audience in Chicago.

The sudden death of Robert G. Ingersoll recalls the prominent position he always occupied as a republican national convention and the eloquent speeches he made at those assemblies, says a Washington letter. Ingersoll was always in demand to make nominating or political speeches, but on account of his agnostic views no party ever dared to nominate him for office. Only once did Ingersoll ever get a nomination, and that was to stop his speech. It happened at the republican national convention at Chicago in 1858. The convention was meeting in the Auditorium building, which was not then completed, but had been fitted up for the occasion.

The convention had been in session a day or so and the great contest for the nomination was on. Allison, Blaine, Harrison, Greeham and a dozen more prominent republicans were all in the field. The balloting continued through several sessions and finally on Saturday night it was decided to take one ball and adjourn. This was done, but instead of leaving the great convention hall the delegates and audience remained seated and resolved themselves into a mass-meeting.

It was understood before the speeches began that none of the speakers was to make any reference to the candidates for nomination by the convention, and all the early speakers kept to this understanding. Finally there were calls for Ingersoll and the great orator, who was on the platform, was introduced to the convention. He never let a great speech ready and started in to make it with his usual eloquence. But he had hardly got started before he began an elaborate eulogy of one man and then said: "This man is Walter G. Greeham." Instantly a storm of hisses came from the audience. He continued, and although the Illinois people tried to drown them with applause, the shouts and hisses of disapproval increased and Ingersoll stood dumfounded on the platform. My seat in the press section was within a few feet of the speaker and I saw a man who so rattled and overcame. His big, round face and bald head grew red with indignation and as the hisses increased the blood seemed to rush faster to his face until his head seemed almost purple. In vain did he try to quell the noise by raising his hand, but it only invited the audience to shout around at the gentlemen on the platform back of him and then started to speak again. This was only a signal for a renewed hissing.

One by one the delegates began to leave their seats on the floor of the convention, and this seemed to add to Ingersoll's embarrassment. He made the final attempt to continue his speech, but by this time the uproar was so great that he was obliged to retire. The result was that there were no more speeches that night. It was always claimed by Mr. Ingersoll that he never intended to make his speech a eulogy of Mr. Greeham, but that he intended to speak of all the candidates, but unluckily mentioned Greeham's name first. It was not so much that Mr. Ingersoll had praised Mr. Greeham that angered the audience, but the fact that he had violated the distinct understanding that the speakers on that occasion were not to mention any of the candidates or praise them individually.

HE IS A WELCOME VISITOR AT THE DOOR. Of all the men who go to the poorer quarters of the city probably no one is so welcome as the penny ice man, says the Kansas City Star. So soon as his bell is heard, everywhere one can see the children scampering into the street to get the penny wagon is in sight they come piling out, each clutching a penny. The swarm of children from 3 years old to half-grown boys and girls, is followed about by older persons, even old women. The youngsters climb on the wagon wheels and push and pull, and the good natured ice man threatens to get after them with the pick.

"In the first place," shouts a boy when he is only passing his gate. The ice man tells him he will be the last one if he doesn't shut up.

"Please, mister, give me a penny's worth of ice." "Here goes, mister." "Mister, mister, me next." "Mister" is overwhelmed with demands and tells the children to stand back lest they get hurt. "I'd like to be the ice man!" is the song that rings in the penny ice man's ears.

The Salvation Army started this year's penny ice route Saturday. There are two wagons, which make two trips each way, each wagon taking about 3,000 pounds of ice a day. Ten pounds are sold for a cent to the poorer people, but only 2 cents worth to one person. This cheap ice comes as a great relief to the poor of the aqueduct districts.

The first attempt in this city at penny ice was last year. Four wagons were employed and it is expected that this year a third wagon will be added to the two now running.

Some of the people who live in the parts of the city where the ice wagon is hailed with great delight, scorn the idea of buying ice where any charity is involved. One woman, because she was told that everybody who bought would be named in the newspapers came out to the ice man yesterday in a rage.

"Take my name off your list. I can afford to buy ice," she said. "I don't want my name printed. Nothing could console her but the name of the ice man. Very few who can afford to buy ice of the dealers take advantage of the penny ice man.

The needy people hail the penny ice as a boon.

BLAMED TELEGRAPH OPERATOR. It Took the Tough Office Boy to Explain Matters to the Editor.

The night editor was worried, anyway, relates the New York Sun, and when he got the "query" from one of his correspondents he didn't have time to puzzle it out for himself. The query was as follows:

"Guest poisoned Pt. O'Maine. How much 'JONES'."

"Where's Port of Maine?" the night editor shouted over to the telegraph operator. "Never heard of it," was the reply.

"That's where Point of Maine?" snapped the night editor. "Never heard of that, either," answered the telegraph operator.

"Then what does this query mean?" growled the night editor as he carried it over to the telegraph desk.

Everybody puzzled over it, including some of the reporters, who always want to know everything that is going on in the office.

They all gave it up. Then up walked the office boy—the fresh one. He gave it one look and the query was translated.

"Wot's der matter wif youse?" he asked in his superiority. "Dat der query says 'Guest poisoned, Pt. O'Maine. How much little 'p.' dat's all dat's wrong."

"Confound that telegraph operator," said the night editor as he walked to his desk, and business was resumed.

DECADENT NOBILITY OF FRANCE. Bona Nobles of 1899 a Sad Tragedy on This Precipitous of 1789.

The prince of Monaco, it appears, has refused to accept the count of Castellane's challenge to a duel and declines even to notice him, the accusation being the Castellane is only a bogus count. Castellane was one of the leaders in the demonstration against President Loubet at the races a few weeks ago, relates the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. He is an ardent enemy of Dreyfus. The republic is too vulgar to please him. He wants a revival of the monarchy or falling in line with the emperor and a semi-humorous and wholly contemptible type which is rather numerous in France at the present moment.

"Aristocracy," remarked Chateaubriand, "has three ages. These are the ages of force, from which it degenerates into the age of privilege and is extinguished finally in the age of vanity." The French nobility was in the first age around the time of Henry of Navarre. In 1589 he reached the second age in Louis XVI's day. It came to the third age at the time of the overthrow of the Orleans monarchy in 1848. The French nobility has still advanced in the age of contempt.

This age has been reached by the French nobles assiduously aged and named men in these days as they did President Loubet recently. They trample down women and children in their insane rush for office, as they did in the fire at the charity bazaar in Paris two or three years ago.

France's nobles in the days of the great revolution had all the wickedness of their guild of any age or nation, but they also had courage. Many of the nobles enlisted in the armies of the coalition. They fought against their country, it is true, but they fought them with arms in their hands. They did not assail aged and defenseless men. They scorned to fight for one day the cause of a man who said "I can do for you?" asked the any former officer of the court in the days of the revolution who was about to pass sentence of death upon Philip Egalite, the duke of Orleans, father of Louis Philippe, long ago. "I can do for you?" said Philip, "and that is that you guttulate me today instead of tomorrow." This spirit of gay heroism is absent among the degenerates of Philip's order today. The bogus French nobility of 1899 have inherited nothing from their predecessors of 1789 except their vice.

RAT ADOPTED BY A CAT. Through Her Training He Has Become Best Mouser in Steuben.

Forbes Baker of Steuben, Mo., has one of the most remarkable mousers in the country in a trained rat. Having driven all the rats and mice from his own premises, the rat is now doing odd jobs for the neighbors.

The rat's odd propensities are no doubt due to the influence of his adopted mother, a big malted cat, owned by Mr. Baker, and grew up with him, ate, slept and played with her for one day. The rat was born in a winter she gave birth to kittens, and she came upon a young rat and took him to her kittens. Mr. Baker supposed that she intended to give her young ones their first lesson in the art of rat-killing; for instead of making a refreshing breeze and a great feast of offerings to injure the helpless creature, or allowing her kittens to do so, she adopted the rat and made him a useful factor in her household. The kittens, too, seemed to take to the rat, and as the rat grew up with them, ate, slept and played with them, they accepted him as a brother, and were contented. When later the mother cat began to teach her children to catch mice and rats, as a means of livelihood, the rat came in with much spirit into the picture. Finally the old cat, who had adopted child was about the most ardent rodent hunter of the lot, despite his ancestry, and she seemed satisfied and at once sent them all out to make their own way in the world. The rat, however, was not to be so easily parted from. He still follows the old cat about the house, and the two are as attached as mother and child.

THE NEWSPAPER MEN ARE GLAD. They Think Speaker Henderson Will Be More Civil to Them.

The newspaper correspondents here find something to rejoice about in the prospect of the election of General D. B. Henderson as speaker of the Fifty-sixth congress, says a Washington letter. They believe that they will not be hidden down by him with the indifference manifested by Speaker Reed to a privilege which a former speaker had conferred upon the representatives of the press, but which Mr. Reed took from them and never really endeavored to restore. The speaker is so completely monarch of the territory he surveys that when the newspapers desire admission to the galleries to report proceedings below, they get their permission from the speaker. The yearly permission has crept into the rules of the house, and when Mr. Crisp was speaker he consented to allow the rules

to be amended so that, in addition to exercising the privilege of admission to the galleries reserved for the use of the press, the newspaper men were permitted to have entrance to the corridor in the rear of the speaker's chair, under restrictions to be made by the speaker. This was a very great convenience. Members of the house who declined to go out into the public corridor, in answer to newspaper cards, because of concern lest they should be waylaid by office-seekers or duns, were ready to go out into their own lobby, where they could meet the newspaper men without facing the mob with a public hall. Reed lopped off the privilege that Crisp easily prevailed upon the house to grant. He did not conceal his dislike of losing the privacy of the house intruded upon by the newspapers. Over and over again newspaper men, representing the whole body of correspondents, consulted with and urged Mr. Reed to restore the withdrawn privilege, in at least a modified form, with such severe restrictions upon the back-climbing reporter as he saw fit to impose. He appeared to be seeking a satisfactory solution of the matter before him, and promised—but never did anything. Speaker Henderson will probably find a way about it. Mr. Reed seemed determined never should be done.

WATER SERPENTS IN MAINE AND THEIR FONDNESS FOR FISH DINNERS. The question as to whether a good healthy man can be secured by the use of a bottle in Lake Penesseewassee, Maine, of which William Gary and Kenneth Gurney were witnesses, relates the Detroit Free Press. The lake waters abound in large sized pickerele, and there is no other body of water in Maine where the water snakes are so huge. They are harmless, but they are very fond of man or fish put up a good wrap. Their bite, while not poisonous, is extremely painful, and in some cases it has caused death. In hot days they crawl to the branches of the low bushes on the shore of the bogs and sun themselves in contentment. Many of the reptiles will measure over two feet and few of them have ever been captured. If a person approaches them while they are apparently asleep, they will hiss and attempt to bite them with their fangs, they fall quickly into the water and escape harm.

One day this summer, while the weather was extremely warm, Gary and Gurney were on the lake trawling for salmon from a canoe. The boat had just passed the edge of the bog where the snakes have their headquarters, when there was a splash in the water and a churning that attracted the attention of the trawlers. The water was backed water with the oars and floated up to see what was the trouble. They were surprised to see a huge black coil of shining skin writhing in the water, and went closer to investigate.

They found that a water snake nearly four feet long, with a pickerele in his grasp. The fish must have weighed in the territory of three pounds, and a fight was on. The snake slowly uncoiled his body, when the pickerele started out and quickly turned, making a swift lunge for the snake. The latter, however, grabbed the fish by the head and held him fast. In the course of three or four minutes the snake again uncoiled his body, and the pickerele, with a few faint motions, came to the top of the water. Suitable scales and pointers are provided, so that the amount of movement can be accurately determined.

Hard Luck of an Editor. Jerry Simpson's Bayonet. Here are some of the terrible things which, according to country reports, have occurred in the territories. Last week a delinquent subscriber said he would pay on Saturday if he had. He's gone. Another, "I'll see you tomorrow." He's blind. Still another one said: "I hope to pay you this week or go to the devil." He's gone. There are hundreds more ought to take warning by these procrastinators and pay up their subscriptions.

All weak places in your system effectually closed against disease by DeWitt's Little Green Pills. The pills cleanse the bowels, promptly cure chronic constipation, regulate the liver and fill you with new life and vigor. Small, pleasant, sure, never gripe.

ROBBING THE ABORIGINES. How the Indian Women Go Shopping in the Southwest. If you watch Indian women shopping you see feminine eagerness, caprice and love for fine and pretty things. They cannot shop as other women do, poor things, for instead of fitting gaily to any shop that pleases, they are, in most cases, obliged to patronize one, and that is rarely the best, says Alliance Magazine. The reason for this goes deep into governmental appointments and Indian affairs, and the question is too delicate and reformatory to discuss. Women of the Sarah Barton class cannot speak of it with patience.

When the woman of the reservation goes

Welcome the Boys Home—By dressing their little brothers up in new clothes and shoes—a great many shoes that the boys get never fit the feet—but it's not so with our popular \$1.50 shoes—we take as much care in fitting boys' shoes as we do those for men—half the wear and all the comfort is in the fit—these \$1.50 shoes are in tan and black—big enough and small enough to fit all kinds and sizes of boys.

Drexel Shoe Co., Omaha's Up-to-date Shoe House, 1419 FARNAM STREET.

You May Not Be a Judge—Of a piano—but that won't need to make any difference with your buying here—we know a good piano—and we will tell you all about the one you select—so you will know as much as any of the great artists about the particular one—we never misrepresent and you are at liberty to bring all your friends with you—you can't make a mistake in selecting any one of the 29 standard makes that are included in this mid-summer sale—your choice of any of these high grade instruments at \$5.00 per month payments—the piano is rent—the only difference the piano belongs to you.

A. HOSPE, We celebrate our 25th business anniversary Oct. 23rd 1899. Music and Art. 1513 Douglas.

Don't You Ever Believe—That the Little Barrister cigar is a five cent cigar as five-cent cigars go—for it isn't—but it's a ten-cent Barrister cut in tin—and as the ten-cent size is the best at its price, so is the five-cent one—the best ever made and sold for a nickel. Most all dealers know that the Little Barrister is the best five-cent cigar, and if you insist upon getting it you can—we are the distributing agents for the Little and Big Barrister and if your dealer doesn't have them, tell him to telephone 1550 and we will send him some at once.

Wm. F. Stocker Cigar Co. THE BARRISTER AGENT, 1404 Douglas.

Misfits—Talk No. 46—I have been talking a good deal about the dangers of doing without glasses when they are needed—but I haven't said much about the evils of wearing misfit glasses. The person with glasses that do not fit him perfectly is in just as bad condition as the one who needs glasses and doesn't wear any at all. If you ain't already wearing glasses, but find that your eyes tire easily, you need your glasses changed. Even if they fitted you well when you bought them, you have outgrown them now. If you have a good pair of frames it is only necessary to take out the old lenses and put in new. Unless the frames are an odd size, the lenses of rare focus I can make the change while you wait.

J. C. Hutesson, Manufacturing Optician, Kodaks, Cameras, 1520 Douglas St. Omaha.

Mr. Frederick Hatter—Was telling the Philippios the other day that in Omaha his name stood for but in the world of the young men of this vicinity realized this, and they would see more Frederick hats on the streets than all others—a beauty in a straw is a young gent's rough straw that is priced at \$1.50—but then we have cheaper hats that are just as stylish, but not as well made—straw hats at 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00 for boys—youths—and men—all hats shaped to the head by "conformateur"—bicycle caps, light weights and all colors.

FREDERICK The Hatter, The Leading Hat Man of the West, 120 South 15th Street.

after it was known the wildest excitement prevailed. Hundreds of people rushed to the house and clamored to see the children. The babies were placed in a row, the four who were in good health taking some apparent interest in the proceedings, while the three others were held by friends, caring little about what was going on.

The seven children were all well formed when born, and their combined weight was about thirty-two pounds. The father and mother had decided to name the four children after Dewey, Sampson, Schley and Captain Coghlan. The happy father will write to the four gentlemen informing them of the honor conveyed upon them.

FATE OF A VALUABLE STAMP. Craved by Collectors, It is Burned by a Careless Domestic.

In the year 1861 a 12-penny black Canadian postage stamp was printed by the government at Ottawa. The public did not regard this somber issue with favor, so few were issued.

One of these stamps was sent to the Hamilton postoffice, where it was sold to an old gentleman, who said it was a shame to print the queen's picture on a stamp that might be handled by profane hands. Tenderly the old gentleman put it on a parcel, sending it to a friend in the United States. Here, in the waste basket, it lay for many a day, till an errand boy found it and quickly transferring it to his album. Despairing of getting a good collection and his fever for stamps somewhat abating, he sold them to a dealer. The new owner, on looking at the catalogue, found that what he had paid \$5 for was worth \$25.

Accidentally this stamp was slipped into a 25-cent packet and sent to